


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



OCTOBER, 1947



**THE PARENTS of
these youngsters are
among the leading
families of Quito,
Ecuador. The upper
classes bear the task
of revitalizing their
nations for Christ.**

Little boys shouldn't get too near twenty-foot anacondas



by Joseph A. Hahn

MAMMA PERON walked along the jungle path with eleven-year-old Patricio just ahead of her. The sun shone in the Sunday morning calm, but in the deep glades they saw little of it. Traffic on the paths was light, and it was necessary for the Indian woman to work her way to Mass by cutting the growth that at times had become too thick. She manipulated her heavy machete with ease, now flicking a branch, now sweeping away the tall grass when young Pat-

rick found the going hard. A lady in the Bolivian lowland swings a machete as handily as a Park Avenue matron employs a handkerchief.

Not far from Cavinass, mother and son came upon a sultry stream, across which a tree trunk had been thrown as bridge. The trunk was too short, and hence at one end it was submerged in the slowly moving water. Ahead of his mother, the barefoot Patricio jumped nimbly to the log and started across.

But he was scarcely out over the stream when drama struck!

A huge anaconda, expertly hidden near the bank, swung its head swiftly out, grabbed Patricio's left leg in its mouth, and pulled the boy into the stream. The snake's plan — the pattern followed by every constrictor — was to encircle its victim, crush him for a minute or two, and then swallow him whole. Large reptiles of this kind have been known to consume a full-grown man.

But Mr. Anaconda had not counted on Mamma Peron. With an ear-splitting shriek, the Indian woman jumped into the stream and, blind to her own danger, slashed furiously, at the snake's head with her machete. It is almost impossible to penetrate the skin of a large anaconda with such a weapon, though a strong man might be able to prick the tough skin with the machete's sharp point. Even that would not kill the serpent, but only discourage it.

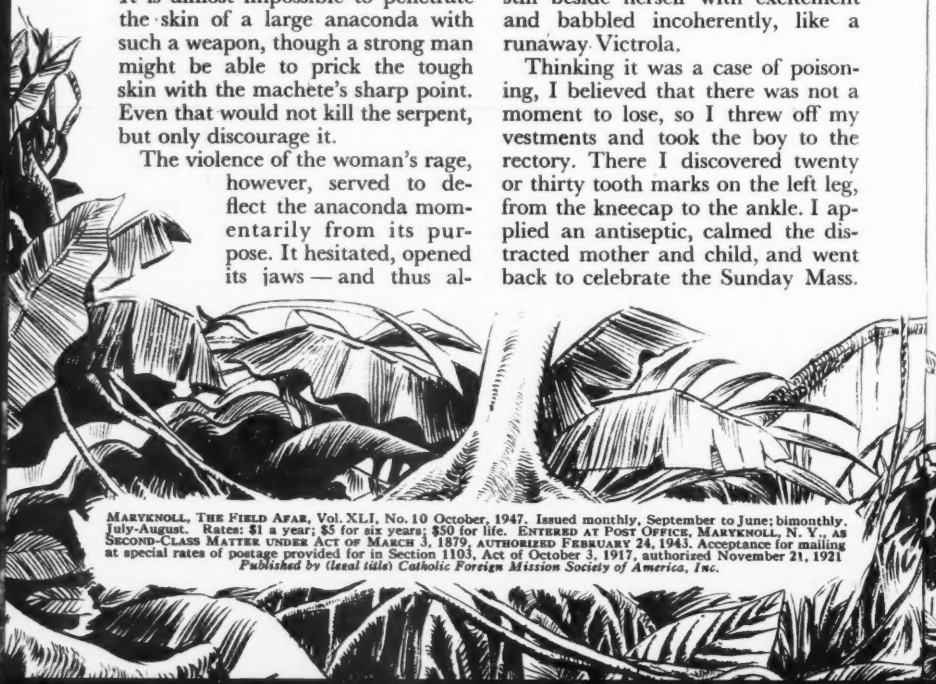
The violence of the woman's rage, however, served to deflect the anaconda momentarily from its purpose. It hesitated, opened its jaws — and thus al-

lowed Mamma Peron to grasp Patricio by the shoulders and pull him from the snake's coils. Then still clutching her son, the mother dashed like lightning through the forest to the mission chapel. There I entered the picture. I had already commenced one of the Sunday Masses and was about to read the Gospel. The tremendous stir behind me gave the impression that some Indians were fighting, and I turned with a reprimand on my lips. But the altar boy ran to me with the story.

"Patricio Peron has been bitten by a poisonous snake!" he exclaimed.

I do not blame him for getting things mixed, for Mamma Peron was still beside herself with excitement and babbled incoherently, like a runaway Victrola.

Thinking it was a case of poisoning, I believed that there was not a moment to lose, so I threw off my vestments and took the boy to the rectory. There I discovered twenty or thirty tooth marks on the left leg, from the kneecap to the ankle. I applied an antiseptic, calmed the distracted mother and child, and went back to celebrate the Sunday Mass.



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Patricio's father was in the chapel. "But what of the snake, Padre!" he asked after Mass. "Let's kill it," I said.

With the father and two other Indians, I set off. We pushed through the shoulder-high grass and weeds, which Peron cut away when they were too heavy. How, I wondered again, can little Indian youngsters ever see where to go on such trails! On our hurried trip, the Indians, who are short of stature, cut only what blocked their passage and hence I found myself stooped most of the way through this forest tunnel.

"Do you see the snake!" I asked, as we arrived at the stream.

"Directly ahead of us, Padre, near the other bank," replied Peron.

It took Indian eyes to locate the hideous creature, for I confess that only by an effort could I discover the head, slightly breaking the surface of the water. The body was almost indistinguishable amid the tangle of rotten logs, where the

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

monster waited to strike at another victim.

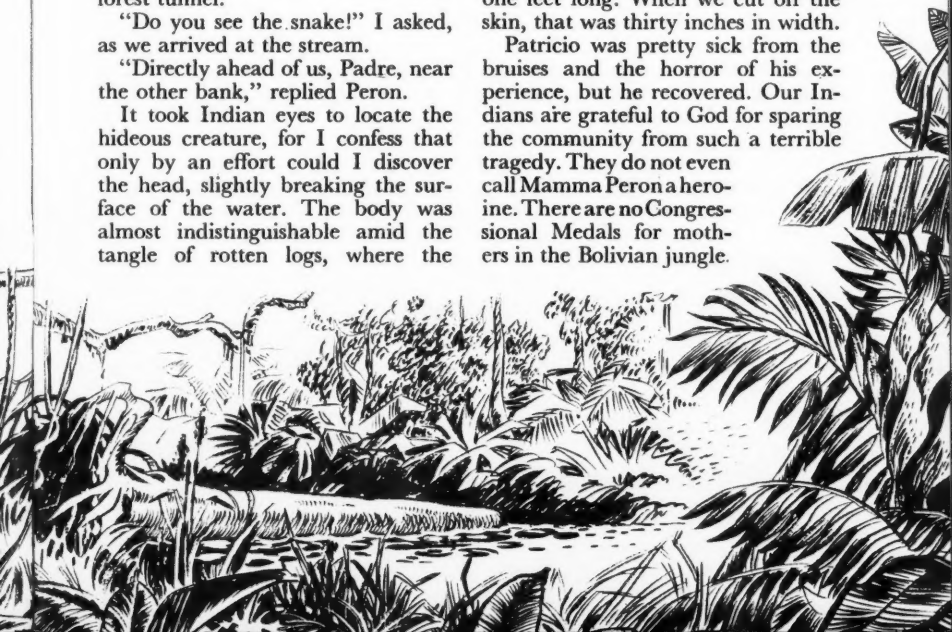
I fired five charges from my gun, to make sure that I killed the beast. Even then it continued to wind its immense

coils desperately about the decayed tree trunks. When at last it lay still, I proposed that we haul it to the bank.

"Not I!" exclaimed Peron. "If I touch it, my boy will die."

This is a local superstition. The remaining three of us dragged out the dead anaconda, and I measured it with a folding rule. It was twenty-one feet long. When we cut off the skin, that was thirty inches in width.

Patricio was pretty sick from the bruises and the horror of his experience, but he recovered. Our Indians are grateful to God for sparing the community from such a terrible tragedy. They do not even call Mamma Peron a heroine. There are no Congressional Medals for mothers in the Bolivian jungle.





TOO MANY MOUTHS T

**Can we formulate
a Christian strategy
to defeat
hunger in Japan?**

by Leo H. Tibesar

One is not long in Japan before he realizes what hunger means. Everyone seems to be hungry habitually. Even SCAP (The Occupation Authorities) sometimes runs short of supplies. So when one speaks of the progress of religion or of democracy here, one would do well to recall that both have to be assimilated by people with empty stomachs, a circumstance that does not facilitate the process.

Cannot the Church do something to inaugurate a program for the relief of the people? Yes, it can do something: it can organize Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul; it can operate



S TO FEED


relief agencies; it can have a certain amount of food sent in; it can organize charity bureaus.

But when all is done over here, the stark fact remains that Japan is overpopulated. It cannot possibly produce more than seventy or eighty per cent of the food the nation needs to sustain minimum requirements. The figures are not mine; the Occupation Authorities have issued them, and America must seek a solution of the problem in that light.


The former Japanese Government tried to solve things in its own way, and we didn't like it. The Tokugawa

McARTHUR'S MEN TELL US

of every five people in Japan-

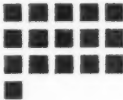


ONLY FOUR CAN
BE FED BY LOCAL
GROWN FOOD.




FOOD FOR THE
FIFTH MUST COME
FROM ABROAD.

LAND AREA OF CALIFORNIA-




158,693 sq.mi.

LAND AREA OF JAPAN-




146,690 sq.mi.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA-




6,907,000

POPULATION OF JAPAN-




73,110,000

**OF EVERY FIVE ACRES
OF LAND IN JAPAN-**



ONE CAN GROW FOOD



FOUR ACRES ARE TOO
MOUNTAINOUS TO FARM

Shoguns had their solution in infanticide. That kept the population stable for some centuries. Our modern "Tokugawas" insinuate that "Sangerism" may accomplish the same end. Maybe it can, but are you, as an American citizen, content that birth control should be advocated in your name?

The ruinous nature of present conditions is aggravated by the fact that six million additional persons

are being repatriated to Japan from all over the globe. It is therefore very encouraging that some missionaries have been able to accomplish much in the way of charitable work, almost without resources from outside. Recently Father Joseph Flaujac, of the Paris Foreign Missions Society, was received in special audience by the Emperor, who wished to express appreciation of the missionary's work. In twenty years Father Flaujac has



built up an amazing development for the tuberculous: Bethany, Nazareth, Bethlehem, he calls his institutions. At present he is establishing a "Model Catholic Village" on a piece of land obtained from the imperial household itself. Father Flaujac showed me his record book of baptisms. The total ran to nearly six thousand.



More than half of Japan's eighty millions wrest their living from the soil as peasant proprietors. Millions more live from the sea, which teems with fish. But Occupation Authorities estimate that Japan can grow only 80% of its food.

What that has meant in personal contacts secured, and prejudice against the Church removed, only God Himself can compute. In the course of his career, Father Flaujac has founded three religious communities of women. His material resources were nil when he started; he has had to spend vast sums in realizing some of his dreams. Where did the money come from? Non-Christians gave it, you would say. God gave it, Father Flaujac says. That is one missionary's work. He is old now, and alone.

Recently Ambassador Nomura and Ambassador Sawada dropped in, for a separate call each. Ambassador Nomura is grateful for the interest in Japan shown by several Maryknollers; he has a deep respect for the Church they represent. When he left, he took with him two catechisms and some of the Papal Encyclicals, and he will study them, we are sure. He thinks that a truly Catholic spirit over the world would have made the

late war impossible. Ambassador Sawada, an old friend of Maryknoll's cofounder, Bishop Walsh, is grateful to Maryknoll for the cordiality shown his son, who visited the Knoll on his way to Rome to take up studies for the priesthood.

Leadership in Japan is much in demand at this critical moment, and some good leadership exists. It does not stem entirely from SCAP, or solely from General MacArthur, who is a grand leader but not alone. The hold of the Emperor on his people is very real. He showed moral character in renouncing any claim to divinity, one year ago. He meant what he said, and he intends to follow up that step with something equally momentous. One senses here that the story has not yet ended, and that Catholics especially should pray for God's light upon this man who is confronted with so great a decision. He can become the Constantine of modern Japan.

Big Aunt Didn't Mind the Grease

AN OLD LADY stopped me recently. "Shen Fu," she said, "I want you to pull my tooth." "I'm very sorry, Big Aunt, but I have nothing to pull it with." "Use anything, Shen Fu," she insisted. "The devil himself is in it!"

I could paint it with iodine, I decided — but then an inspiration came. "Supposing I use a pair of bicycle pliers, Big Aunt — should you mind?" "Wonderful!" she cried. "Pull away."

I tried in vain to remove all the grease and oil from the pliers, then reached into Aunty's mouth and, after a few tugs, out came the tooth.

"Thanks, Shen Fu," said plucky Big Aunt with a smile, as she wiped the grease from her mouth. "I'll be back again when I have another."

—Father Cyril V. Hirst, of Philadelphia, now at Ping-nam, South China.



The Valley of the Shadow

YEARs AGO a woman lived in a Chinese city. She had youth and beauty, a wealthy and devoted husband, three delightful children, hosts of friends — everything pleasant.

But this woman rose from her bed in the early hours of morning, and stole away into the darkness. She became a beggar in a distant city.

"When I knew I was stricken," she told the missionary at the Maryknoll Leprosarium, "I left my husband and my children, to protect them from the disease. I did not tell them I was going, and I never let them know where I had gone, lest they try to prevent me or bring me back. I lived far from them always. I returned only once.

"Word came to me, through another beggar, that my daughter was married and the mother of a son. I felt that, before I should grow blind and lose the use of my legs, I must look upon the face of my grandson. It could do no harm, to see him from afar. After covering my sores as best I could, I took to the road and came at last to the place where once I had dwelt. I saw my husband leave our home. He passed near me, not noticing the ragged beggar by the way, and somehow I found strength not to cry out to him. My old servant tossed me a coin, unaware that years earlier she had combed my hair. But before my daughter came with her child, a policeman saw the spots on my hands and drove me away. And

— I never saw my grandson. Never!"

Lepers are few, in this part of the world. The disease is one you read about in the Bible and *The Field Afar*; hardly ever in the newspapers. It may not even seem real to you, as tuberculosis is real, for example, or infantile paralysis, or cancer. But it weakens and cripples and kills with the savage ferocity of all three!

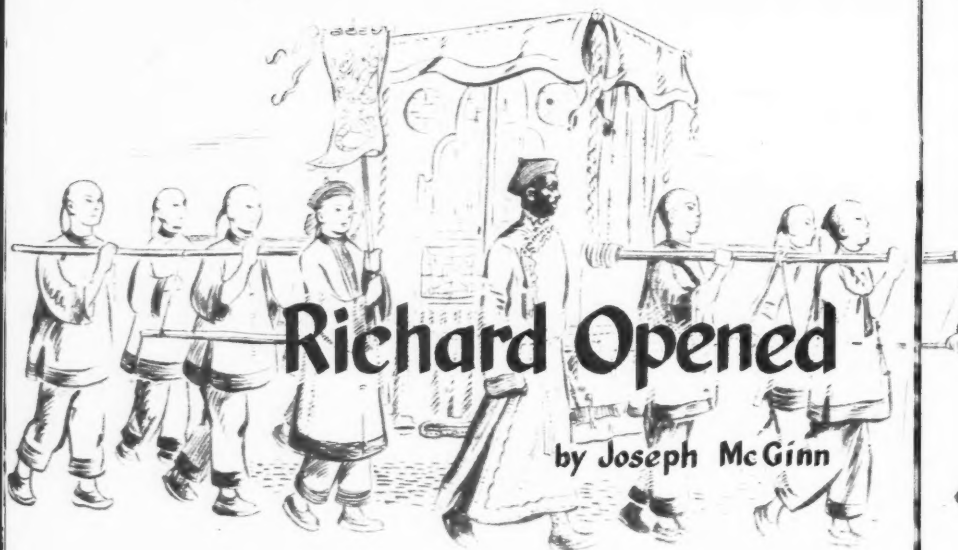
Once the Maryknoll Fathers carried on research in China, hoping to find a clue to a cure. Now they do well if they merely keep alive the hundreds of lepers in Maryknoll's care. We ask your help for our missionaries who are doing this.

Why keep lepers alive? Why struggle for such miserable, doomed creatures, against food shortages, and lack of medicine, and inflation, and human enemies, and a thousand other obstacles?

Because lepers are *people* — God's children, as you are, as we are. Because Our Lord has commanded us, "Bear one another's burdens." Because no mortal has a more crushing burden than a leper has. Because some lepers are heartbreakingly brave and patient, and their example makes courage easier for all of us. Because—"I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me" (*St. Matthew, xxv: 40*).

If you have a dime or a dollar or ten dollars that you can spare, we shall be happy to use the sum to help lepers in China or in Bolivia.

WRITE TO: THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



Richard Opened

by Joseph McGinn

THOUGH it was the witching hour of midnight, the Hong Kong Bund still swarmed with humanity. As the *S.S. Lungmoon* swung gently towards the dock, we were absorbed in watching the huge figure of a man who, with stentorian bellows from the wharf, controlled all movements of the ship.

He was Richard Henry Ellis, an American Negro from Ol' Virginny, a big man with finely cut features, infectious smile, and rollicking humor. He was a Catholic, a practising one, and he had a Catholic family — his Chinese wife and their three delightful children. Dick Ellis was ruler of the company wharves, directing even the ship's captain and pilot. Hundreds and thousands of boatmen along the Bund knew and

loved him, for times without number he had aided them.

In his youth, Richard Henry Ellis shipped as a sailor, and eventually arrived in Canton. This was prior to 1911, while China was under the Manchus. In Canton Dick missed his ship. With his money dwindling, he haunted the waterfront.

One day, as he trudged amid noisy hordes of Orientals, he was rudely shouldered aside by soldiers who accompanied a gaily caparisoned sedan chair, borne by four coolies. The party halted and amid much confusion, planks were laid from the shore to a near-by junk. Then the chair coolies began to descend the planks, balancing the swaying chair on their shoulders.

Suddenly a forward bearer slipped



the Door

— and the sedan chair toppled into the murky waters of the Pearl River! Wild yells punctured the air, soldiers belabored the hapless coolies, the watching crowd milled about; but nobody moved a hand to do anything about the chair and its occupant!

Nobody, that is, but Dick. He sized up the situation at a glance and unhesitatingly dived off the Bund, deep into the river. Emerging beside the still-floating chair, he wrenched open the bamboo door, grasped the occupant and in a few seconds was swimming strongly with one arm, holding the rescued person with the other. His burden safely ashore, he saw that he had rescued a mere slip of a girl. To his amazement, he learned that she was a princess of the Royal House of Ch'ing,

rulers of the Chinese Empire.

Richard Henry Ellis, merchant sailor from Virginia, became Right Honorable and Exalted Personal Bodyguard of Princess Mui Laan, of the Imperial Family of Ch'ing. In that capacity, for some years he traversed the length and breadth of China. When China became a Republic, in 1911, the royal family, truly grateful to Dick, secured for him a position in the British Colony of Hong Kong. There he rose to his post of Wharfinger.

When Dick Ellis died, some years ago, his funeral eclipsed anything of its nature ever held in Hong Kong. The entire city paid tribute to this upright gentleman, sterling Catholic, lover of God and his fellow man: Richard Henry Ellis, American Negro.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER



Notes by Bishop Raymond A. Lane
SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL

Pauline Jaricot made her start along the path that led to the foundation of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith when, as a fashionable young lady adorned with jewels, she asked a priest to tell her what was culpable vanity. Soon she found herself in a plain dress, dedicating herself to hospital work and to stimulating factory girls to accomplishment.

Interest in people led her to interest in more people, in *all* people. Those who were associated with her in building up the Propagation of the Faith Society shared her views. "We should call *all* Catholics to the help of the whole apostolate," said M. Coste, one of the early organizers, on one occasion. "We ought some day to have a society founded on a charity without frontiers, and its foundation ought to be in its ends as wide as the world is wide."

"Calling all Catholics" has become the world watchword of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. "A society founded on a

charity without frontiers" has today become a reality. Miss Jaricot's tiny start in France has now grown into an official organization, centered in Rome, which gathers millions of dollars yearly to carry the Faith to all the peoples of the earth.

Mission Sunday is the fixed star in the Propagation year. Then, in practically every parish in the world, every Catholic performs the basic missionary act of enrolling in the S.P.F. We hope that every friend of Maryknoll is an S.P.F. member. Among the warmest champions of Maryknoll and all mission societies are the Propagation of the Faith Directors, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A pioneer in their ranks was Father James Anthony Walsh, whose experience as an S.P.F. Director led to the foundation of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll. It is our earnest prayer that the carefully made plans of Bishop McDonnell, the National Director, and of all the Diocesan Directors may bring outstanding success to this year's Mission Sunday observance.

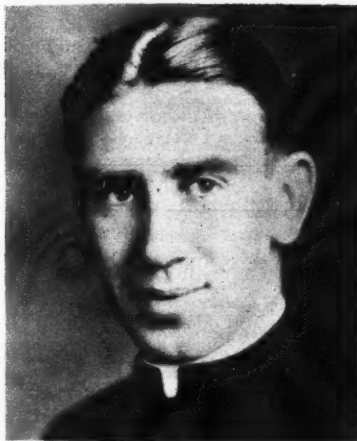
ne
OLL

IF THE PEOPLE of your town suddenly decided to rid themselves of their police force and government officials, and thronged into your yard clamoring for you to be mayor, it is likely that you would find yourself with mixed feelings.

This actually happened to Father Joseph Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., one winter's day about a year ago. Since Father Joe is level-headed and blessed with an abundance of humor, he accepted the overture as a most generous gesture, but one not to be taken too seriously.

Facing the noisy populace of his South China town, Father Joe stood on the mission porch and declined the offer with profuse thanks. Then he said to his curate, Father O'Connell: "It would be a good time for us to buy that pig for the mission, Father Mike. With so much good will around, the people would probably

Good humor makes a good ingredient



MAYOR
OF THE
TOWN
He knew when
to buy a pig
by Joseph G. Cosgrove

sell us one now without cheating us."

The cause of the local uproar was the maldistribution of relief supplies. The people had decided that Father Regan could handle this problem satisfactorily, and could do a first-class job of running the whole town as well.

We who have worked with him feel that Father Joe Regan is a crack-a-jack missionary. He thinks, talks, and acts missions. In a period of sixteen years, he has accomplished a vast amount of solid good.

Generally Father Joe spends three or four days a week in the country villages, saying Mass, baptizing, marrying, burying, dispensing medicine, listening to problems. But top priority goes to looking for loopholes that will gain him entry into non-Christian villages. In his central mission, Father Joe eats and sleeps; but during working hours, he can be found teaching a class at the convent, or visiting the homes of Christians and non-Christians.

One of the first things a newcomer

notices at the Laipo mission is that the Chinese nuns, the students, and the parishioners have caught the pastor's spirit of easy gaiety. All the children can sing "For Boston, for Boston—". They break into chuckles if a visitor approaches them, because they are accustomed to being met with little jokes on the part of their pastor and they expect other folks to be equally humorous.

The well-balanced missionary—and I think Father Joe exemplifies him—combines priestly zeal and devotion with good sense and good humor. Added to these qualities is ability to master the climate, the malaria bugs, loneliness, and a legion of setbacks and disappointments that are the unavoidable accompaniments of missionary life.

After a period of years in service, each of us begins to feel that he can see the formula for missionary success in fairly clear perspective. Besides plenty of work to challenge priestly zeal, there is an immense amount of spiritual consolation in the missionary's task. Priests like

Father Joseph Regan show us that it is not too difficult to discover those deep wells of satisfaction. The overseas apostolate is an eminently happy life, in which one can reasonably expect a variety of experiences and consolations. Some missionaries die young; a few die violently; but most of us hope to die

with our boots on.

Father Joe usually returns from his mission trips with a fresh supply of anecdotes. His favorite haunt in town is the jail, to which he often goes to "spring" a few of the faithful who have run afoul of the law. Father Joe's favorite jail story concerns two of his Christians, who sent him a letter.

"Dearest Padre," they wrote, "we want you to know that we have arrived within the confines of this jail because we were trying to mine gunpowder, forbidden though this is by law, in order that we could buy you, our beloved pastor, a beautiful present."

The Laipo folk showed good taste when they tried to make Father Joe the mayor of the town.

The Government will permit you to deduct from your income tax any donation you send to Maryknoll provided your benefactions to charity are less than 15 per cent of your income.

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll ☐ Priest ☐ Brother

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____
 Street _____ School _____
 City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



KOWAK FOLKS

Not all drums
and dancing

by Joseph E. Brannigan

There is a little girl here in Kowak who is still a non-Christian but whose name is "Ekleisia," which means "Church." The children among our Luos receive their names from the time or circumstances of their birth. And since Ekleisia was born in 1937, while the first Catholic chapel was being built at Kowak, she was called "Ekleisia."

The fact is indicative of the



Fathers Albert E. Good of Cambridge, Mass., and Joseph E. Brannigan of New York City, pastor and curate among the Luo.

central position we occupy in Luo life, although great numbers of the Luo people are still not members of the Church. The modest structure that gave Eklesia her name was hardly erected when the White Fathers saw that it was too small. Brother Wilfred directed the building of a second edifice, which seats eight hundred.

All is in African style. Where we put the steel girders, the Africans put sisal poles; in place of stone or burned bricks, they use simple mud bricks, made at the rate of seven hundred a day. Eucalyptus branches covered with grass provide the roof. Plaster, made of sandy soil and cow dung, holds together the stone work of the facade.

Some five thousand of the forty thousand Luos in our district have entered the Church in thirteen years. Even this second chapel will not do





The Luo Tribe produces handsome specimens of manhood. The group above are bringing in an antelope. Below, the native drums are regimented for a chieftain's dance. Two drums are enough for a village dance, garden variety.





The White Fathers, who set the traditions among the Luo before the Maryknollers arrived, made the youngsters proud to have a part in ceremonies.



The Luo do not live in villages but on scattered farms. They meet frequently, however, for games like the one above, in progress around a drum-head.



Above, the young ladies of Kowak prepare millet flour. To the right is a local Catholic teacher with his son.

for long. "Let's build a real fine dwelling place for the King of Glory," the people are saying. Eklesia is now studying the catechism in preparation for baptism.

The Luo people do not live in towns. Kowak is only a convenient center for farmer folk who are sprinkled like salt over the countryside. Many of our Christians have to travel twenty-five miles to Mass. But they do so readily.

The Luos are an intelligent, energetic people, not afraid to take up the revolutionary new life that Christianity demands of them. Their traditional world is one of mud walls and grass roofs, of primitive crop raising, of Old Testament family life, of pagan magic, of drums and dancing. But they are ready and anxious to make their own all that is good in the great world outside Africa.



Carnival in Chaczinkin

by Vincent P. Mallon

Perhaps you are about to organize your parish bazaar. Here are some ideas I picked up for you at the last carnival in Chaczinkin.

Idea Number One: Tie a few prizes on the end of a pole — a bar of soap, a package of cigarettes, a bottle of wine, and some sweets. Grease the pole well, and then set it up in the square. Now invite the young men of the town to try their luck at climbing the greased pole: They will try individually for a half hour or so before getting the crowd's consent to try by teamwork. Even

then the ascent won't be easy.

Always, the last foot and the extra man needed to shinny up on the backs of the others, prove to be just too much and bring the whole team down. Tell the boys not to wear their Sunday suits!

Idea Number Two: Take the pulley from the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well, and string its rope between two trees. On the revolving rope, hang old jars that aren't fit to be used for water any more. Now start the jars moving on the pulley rope and let boys and young men armed with clubs try their hand at breaking the jars as they swing by. In each jar there should be prizes, which will be scattered over the ground as the jars break. The prizes should be mostly candy bars, but a few special treasures — such as a bee hive, a lizard, or even a snake, preferably nonpoisonous — may be provided, also.

Idea Number Three: Tie a bull by the horns, and give the end of the rope to a group of boys to hold — if they can. Dress the matadors in any old finery that may be available, and let them entice the bull with red blankets. Warn everybody to be on guard for a sudden turn, when the bull decides to fight those who are holding that rope. Serve the bull next day as barbecued steak.

Unspoiled little towns like Chaczinkin are ideal spots for witnessing carnival games.



Join the Conversation

SUPPOSE YOU WERE sitting in a restaurant and overheard these remarks. Would you be able to join the conversation? You could if you pick the right answer to each of the fol-

lowing statements. 10-12 right and you really know what you're talking about. 7-10, you are not at a loss for words. Below 7, don't open your mouth. Answers below. Don't peek!

1. "We visited Victoria Falls."
☐ (a) I was once in the Alps.
☐ (b) Africa is fascinating!
☐ (c) Does it freeze in winter?
2. "He acts like a Chavantes."
☐ (a) I didn't know he wrote.
☐ (b) Is he that savage?
☐ (c) Frenchmen are good comedians.
3. "Henry is a catechumen."
☐ (a) Society will never forgive him!
☐ (b) Will he be baptized?
☐ (c) He must be in pain often.
4. "His national Patron is St. James."
☐ (a) He is a Chilean.
☐ (b) Did he come from Ireland?
☐ (c) China is proud of him.
5. "An alb makes a nice present."
☐ (a) She couldn't carry it.
☐ (b) But suppose it died.
☐ (c) Yes, he must say Mass.
6. "I saw Fujiyama, Kilauea and Coto-paxi."
☐ (a) Japan is so picturesque.
☐ (b) Volcanoes frighten me.
☐ (c) They were great musicians.

7. "So I said, 'Your Eminence . . .'"
☐ (a) Was he a Cardinal?
☐ (b) Everyone loves the Holy Father.
☐ (c) I never met a Bishop.
8. "We took the boat directly to Bolivia."
☐ (a) The Atlantic is beautiful.
☐ (b) It's a romantic voyage.
☐ (c) You tell tall tales.
9. "Let's visit Sunset Hill."
☐ (a) Tahiti is romantic.
☐ (b) I've always wanted to see Maryknoll.
☐ (c) We can climb Nob Hill right after.
10. "He works in the Rand."
☐ (a) Perhaps he made my typewriter.
☐ (b) Goldmining is exciting.
☐ (c) India is a land of mystery.
11. "Mary dug up a drachma."
☐ (a) Was she in the Holy Land?
☐ (b) Was the vase broken?
☐ (c) Was it buried by the earthquake?
12. "He wore his hat in Church."
☐ (a) He could only be a pagan.
☐ (b) Was he a Korean?
☐ (c) Don't be silly.

church.
for men to wear their high, stove-pipe hats in
corn of the Holy Land, 12. b. It is a Korean custom
Africa famous for its goldmines, 11. a. An ancient
stand in Ossining, N. Y. 10. b. A district in South
of the hill on which Maryknoll's headquarters
Bohemia has no coastline, 9. b. This is the name
"holiness," for a Bishop, "Your Excellency," 8. c.

POIZ ANSWERS. 1. b. Headwaters of the Nile. 2. b. A very savage Indian tribe in Brazil. 3. One studying Christian doctrine. 4. a. National patron of Chile. 5. c. Long white garment worn by priests at Mass. 6. b. They are all volcanoes. Fujiyama is in Japan, Kilauea in Hawaii, and Cotopaxi in Ecuador. 7. a. Only Cardinals are addressed this way. For the Holy Father, you say "Your Holiness."

HOW?

HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW?

QUESTIONS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD—ANSWERED BY MARY MANSFIELD

HOW DOES A KOREAN PREPARE CUCUMBER KIMCHIE?

Take three or four good-sized cucumbers (dill pickles may be substituted). Slit them down the center, but not through the end. Insert paste of paprika, mixed with a teaspoon of minced onion and sesame oil or peanut oil. Let stand in soy sauce for about fifteen minutes; then slice roundwise and serve. Service should be individual. The Korean housewife uses brass, though china or glass ware may be substituted.

HOW DOES A G.I.'s WIFE IN TOKYO ARRANGE FLOWERS?

Japanese houses are quite plain. They have no figured paper or carpets, and are not full of pictures, flowers, and furniture. In the main room is an alcove, a few feet wide and deep. Here hangs a long, narrow



Japanese painting, before which is an arrangement of flowers in a vase standing on the floor. I say an "arrangement" advisedly, because great care and much thought are

given to the position of each flower. A wire device is placed in the bottom of the vase, to hold the flowers tightly in just the right position. A tall branch or flower is placed in the vase; this represents "heaven." A shorter branch is bent slowly and carefully, so that it droops to the right; this is "man," who is just a little lower than heaven. Finally, a very short branch is bent out a little to the left; now the idea is complete: "Heaven, Man, Earth."

HOW IS DINNER SERVED IN CENTRAL INDIA?

At the door, three very gracious girls receive the guests. The first girl offers tiny bunches of flowers on a tray. The second holds a silver bowl of sandalwood paste; into this each guest dips her fingers in order to apply the perfumed paste to the skin of her throat. The third girl carries a brass vessel, from which she sprinkles rose water on each guest.

Around the sides of the room are placed rugs for seats, folded to a width of two feet. In front of each rug is a tablecloth about a foot and a half wide, or a half circle of leaves. Shoes are removed before the wearer enters the room. After guests have been seated, two attendants perform the hand-washing ceremony: one holds the basin under the hands of the guest, and the second pours the

water. After "Grace" (this is a Catholic household), the attendants serve the guests with food already prepared on individual plates. Dessert is served in sauce dishes. Fruit and nuts are placed on the plate used for the main course.

HOW DOES A GUATEMALAN WOMAN SELECT HER HUIPIL?

Paris does not dictate the styles or colors for Indian women in Guatemala. Yet style and color are so important that the description of an Indian village is incomplete without a picture of milady's *huipil*.

Huipiles are blouses made of three sections, oblong in shape, sewn together, and folded at the center. The middle section is slit to allow the wearer's head to come through; the outer sections are sewn together, leaving openings large enough for the arms. Many a child makes doll dresses in much the same fashion.

Each Indian village has its own color combination: colored designs



on white; small red figures of animals on white; bright red with black stripes; broad yellow and red stripes with large yellow and red figures; red and purple figures on a white background. Village differs from village, not only in color combinations, but in the way the *huipil* is worn: it may be short, above the

waist, tucked in the skirt, or hanging loose over the skirt band. Many of the designs are exquisite.

HOW DOES A CHINESE GIRL BECOME ENGAGED?

Mr. Wong, who has a son eight years old, is becoming anxious about the boy's marriage. He has noticed that Mr. Li's second daughter, a girl of ten, is bright and cheerful, a strong little youngster. Mr. Wong visits Mr. Pai, an excellent matchmaker. A few



weeks later, Pai drops in on Li and, after a long chat, mentions casually that the Wong boy is a fine chap. Li assents, but adds nothing more. Mr. Pai reports to his patron that the business is under way. Wong tells Pai that, when occasion offers, he should inform the girl's father that Wong will give thirty dollars, twenty yards of blue cotton cloth, and one hundred measures of flour for the girl. A month or so later, the middleman drops in again on Mr. Li and, after much talk, states the first offer of terms. Li, looking pained, admits his liking for the Wong boy, but says that he had just refused better terms from another family. About a year after the initial move, the bargain is closed. Papers are signed; a preliminary banquet on a modest scale is held; the marriage date is set.

MISS

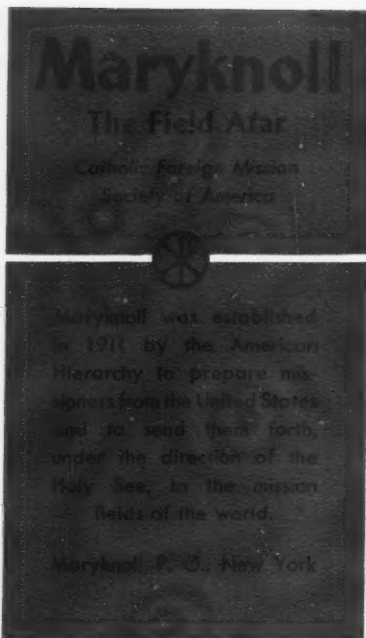


SSION SUNDAY

OCTOBER 19

SUPPORT YOUR

SOCIETY FOR THE
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH



Signs

The missionary's eye in a fine frenzy rolling sees more mud than stars, and looks more often on mountainous trouble and plans miscarried than on dreams come true and hopes fulfilled. It would be easy for the missionary to become a pessimist if he had no means of seeing anything beyond that which his human sight reveals. A builder for God, he scans the horizon for the signs of solid moral progress that spell success in big, bold, palpable letters; for that

is the definite aim of his work. The missionary does not always see those signs in any recognizable manner. In fact, he may pass years — or even a whole lifetime — without the human consolation of seeing them at all. Meanwhile, he is bound to see — and to see every day — all sorts of signs and sights that tell in the opposite direction. What he sees is human nature. The way of all flesh is wayward, and he soon finds it out. The world he tries to push uphill is bent on rushing downhill.

Seeing Eye

The missionary is the beneficiary — and the victim — of the sense of sight. Sight is, in truth, a marvelous faculty, and he has good reason to trust it, up to a point. The searchlight of the mind and window of the soul, which we possess in the seeing eye, is easily the most prized of all the senses, the star performer that brings the overflowing grist of life to an insatiable mill. The eye is not filled with seeing, but it is forever trying. It roves the earth all day and every day, snatching pictures to store in the rich museum of the mind. It reads the heavens. It surveys the waters. A superb color camera, it seizes the cloud-capped towers of a mountain as readily as it prints the sheen of a leaf, the flash of a wing, or the smile of a child. It studies the written page and unlocks the secrets of his-

tory; it looks on scenes that delight and charm, amaze and terrify. The eye sees so much that it forgets its limitations; and yet, if its potentialities are great, its deficiencies are greater. It sees in a glass darkly, after all, and what it sees is almost wholly on the surface. It fails to see what the missionary wishes to see, for it has no reflexive power and little penetration. It does not aid the missionary much to see the seed germinating, the leaven rising, the effect of holy sacraments, the work of grace, the slow change of spiritual climate, the hidden heart of his people. It does not help him to pierce the long-range vista and the overall plan of God.

Sights

Any spiritual worker is almost certain to see the moral stagnation and deterioration that confront him at every turn in concrete cases, without entirely sensing the moral betterment that works itself out slowly and imperceptibly through the trial and error of his zealous efforts. He sees the spiritual apathy of many; yet often fails to see the spiritual progress of many, hidden as it is in the quiet and mysterious realm of conscience and the grace of God. He sees admonitions unheeded, lessons unlearned, and mistakes uncorrected. Sometimes he sees — or thinks he sees — great works uprooted, great gains destroyed, great

hopes betrayed and undermined. And always he sees his whole litany of reverses, every big and every little disaster, against the cheerless background of a solid, pagan wall of earthy earth. He knows that many observers think he has made the mistake of taking on the world's one clearly impossible task, in trying to change human nature. But he also knows that human nature is the one thing in the world worth changing.

Missionary Eyes

The missionary is a heartening sight because his work is so often disheartening, and because he represents the victory of faith over appearances that challenge faith. If his work were easily performed and quickly productive, he would be more inspired but less inspiring. As it is, the very difficulties of the apostolate that make him a spectacle to angels and to men make him, also, a consolation to men and angels. Work without reward, charity without stint, courage without recoil — and all without sight — make a picture of true greatness, and everybody is encouraged and consoled by the performance, except himself. Yet if sight is denied him, he is not without his own inner vision. The eye has not seen what things God has prepared for them that love Him. His limited sight which cannot always see the signs of success, is supplemented by a guarantee of success; for if he looks at the things that are seen, he also looks at the things that are unseen.



Ride 'Em Cowboy

After a while
the rider was master

by Leon A. Harter

HORSES are like olives," said Father James J. Rottner, after his first year in the Chilean mission field. "After you've tried several, you get used to them." He spoke of the first sick call he had made on horseback. "Galloping for all he was worth, the horse was the master. I was the apprentice, more off the saddle than on; I prayed that my mount would always be under me when I came down."

Father Rottner's parish was known as "one of the coldest," with little spiritual activity, abundant Protestant reformers. But as the Gospel says, "By their fruits you shall know

them." Today the parish boasts a very good choir, a newly renovated and redecorated church, new bells, and an increase in the reception of the sacraments at death. Among the various societies, is the "Workers of San Jose," today one of the finest units of young men in all Chile.

Let us get back to horses. Three weeks before the mission in his parish, Father Rottner traveled throughout the length and breadth of his territory. He personally invited each family to attend the services and to receive the Sacraments. The results were unheard-of in Pemuco. Communion was so numerous that the Bishop, who came to administer Confirmation, was obliged to say an extra Mass in order to consecrate more hosts. What brought particular joy to the heart of the horse-riding missionary was the number of "big fish" who returned to the sacraments after long years away.

Father Jim says: "They also serve who only stand and wait, but my horse must keep going! I'll have to do my resting some place else."

WHEN Bill O'Brien was a youngster, he used to delight in watching tugs pull long lines of scows up the muddy Chicago River. Many a time he wished that some day he might get on one and ride to the end of the river. On Sunday afternoons Bill's father would take him out Michigan Avenue to the lake front, and the boy would wonder what lay on the other side of the long expanse of blue waves.

Young William never thought that some day he would travel in China, be engulfed in floods and famine, meet bandit leaders, and save lives with his homemade medicines. It was not until he was a student at Loyola University that he decided to devote his life to some of the more

unfortunate people on earth, and to do that by becoming a Maryknoll missionary.

Almost two decades in China have given Father O'Brien a real missionary's "know how." Besides being a pioneer of new mission stations, he conducts one of the best dispensaries in South China. Familiar from long experience with local ills, he can diagnose a trouble and prescribe a remedy while his patient is still describing his ailments.

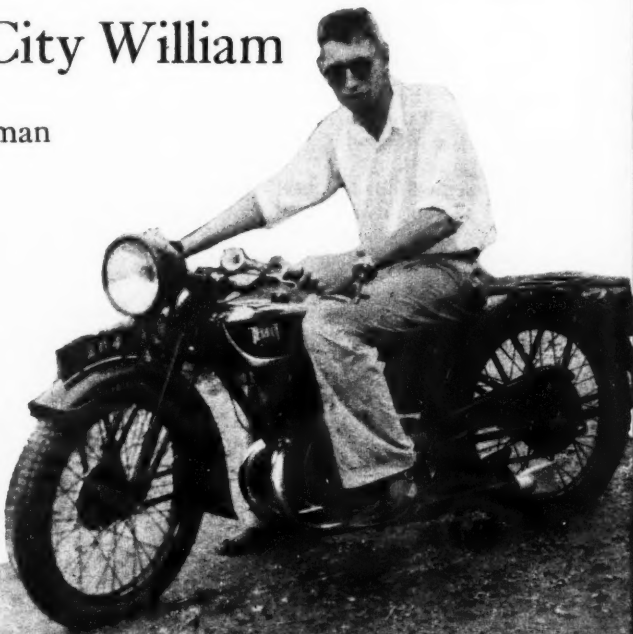
In a land where pharmacists are few and doctors even fewer, this missionary makes his own remedies and, of necessity, decides on their application. He makes good use of the drugs he can get on the local market—sulphur, camphor, menthol,

Windy City William

He's a good man
to know
in a pinch

by
Albert J. Nevins

Father O'Brien
all set to hit
the dusty road



turpentine and mercury. Even cigar ashes are used in a mixture to treat ringworms, a common ailment in the Orient. He found castor-oil plants growing wild near his mission, had the local miller grind them, and thus obtained the needed oil.

Father O'Brien's charity touches the hearts of the people. One day as he was leaving his Chungsin mission, he found sixteen Chinese soldiers lying by the roadside. They had been discharged from the hospital too soon and their wounds had reopened. Weak and exhausted, some of the soldiers were near death. The priest carried them back to the mission, one by one and there his nursing saved the lives of all but two.

Such deeds pay good dividends sometimes. The usually hard-hearted merchants of the market place were greatly impressed by the acts of charity; they took up a collection and presented four hundred Chinese dollars to the missionary, so that he could buy more medicine.

When Father O'Brien first went to Chungsin, he became a victim of violent antiforeign demonstrations. The only property he could rent was a decrepit pawnshop, and that was stoned after he moved in. But Father O'Brien hadn't left Chicago to quit at the first opposition. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Within three years, he had a roster of 2,100 Christians in his mission.

As pastor of Chungsin, the Chicago priest endured floods and famines.

Once he quelled a riot that started in the village. A flood had washed away all the bridges leading from the town, and a score of busses were stranded with their passengers. The passengers tried to get food, but it was famine time and the villagers themselves were starving. Riots broke out. Father O'Brien quickly assembled a militia and restored order.

bled a militia and restored order.

The territory about Chungsin was a notorious bandit center. Once the priest sent some

helpers to a nearby village. Bandits caught them, and later sent them back to the mission clad in robbers' rags that had been "exchanged" for their own clothes.

Shortly afterwards the bandit chief of the region paid a visit to Chungsin, to study the possibilities of plying his trade there. Recognizing the priest as the leader of the people, he decided to pay him a visit. Father O'Brien acted the part of the perfect host. He served his guest tea and cakes, and together they discussed the high cost of living, the difficult times, and kindred subjects. When the bandit leader left, he declared that the priest would be honored as his friend for life. That village was never troubled by bandits again.

When the war came, Father O'Brien went about his daily tasks as if his mission station were on another planet. He made the rounds of the villages, cared for his Christians, and brought new converts into the Church, just as if nothing extraordinary was happening.

ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

new or used will be gratefully received for Maryknoll students training in the U. S. for overseas missions. Send it to Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

JOHNNY FAN

by Edward A. McGurkin

A pushcart rolled up to the barbed-wire barrier at the gatehouse.

"They said you'd have room for me here, Father. Can I come in? They said you want people whom nobody else wants. Is that true, Father?"

He was a lad in his teens, in rags, his long matted hair uncut for weeks. He had a sparkle in his eye, and the sunny lilt in his voice made you hope that he would keep on talking. He crouched on the floor of his cart, while a friend held the handles. He could hardly move.

So Johnny Fan arrived with his mountain of suffering. His disease, visible in a crushed, decaying ankle, showed itself later in other parts of the body. The pen revolts at the horror of it; suffice to say that the work usually done in the grave had already begun for Fan the Cripple while he lay in his corner. Decomposition had started in the spine.

Our inmates were used to all sorts of misery, but this sight drove them off. There was no one to relieve Fan the Cripple's torture, no one to dress the decaying parts, no one to soothe the pain.



There was no one to relieve the torture, to soothe the pain. No one? No one but Sister Paula.

No one? No one but Sister Paula. She was there just for that; she had come from afar, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. With this thought she was able, day after day, for months, to brave, alone and unassisted, the task that others would not do.

As the end drew near, Fan was baptized. Thereafter he was John Fan. Johnny's grasp of doctrine was excellent. His faith was a tower of strength and comfort. His hope and charity were floodlights that gave new color to everything about him — to his prayers, his agony, his dreams, his conversation.

Just after dark one evening, one of the orphan boys came for the priest. I realized it was the last call to Fan the Cripple. That night, up among the shining stars that hung low like swinging lamps, sped a happy angel, showing the way home to sparkling Johnny Fan.



PORTAL TO THE PRIESTHOOD

Lack of space during the past few years has forced us to turn away many students who had applied for admission to Maryknoll. This is an impossible situation. If God has called these young Americans to His service on the missions, WE must not deny them the opportunity of answering the call.

But where to house all those who wish to come to us, is a problem that faces us every day. The solution is to build more schools, but Maryknollers have neither the time nor the money to undertake such building at the present moment. And our problem is of the very present — not the future.

Heaven itself sent us an answer recently. The former Newman School, of Lakewood, New Jersey — a fine, modern plant, which the Navy had been using until last year — was offered to Maryknoll at a price that was only a fraction of what we should have had to pay to build a similar school. We borrowed money to snatch at the opportunity.

The door that has been barring the way for so many vocations is now open: our housing problem is solved for the time being.

WITH THE HELP OF GOD, MARYKNOLL IS OUTGROWING ITSELF

WILL YOU SUPPLY THE KEY?

We need the financial aid of Maryknoll friends, to help us pay for this new school and for the support of the 250 young men who will take their college courses there.

WILL YOU ...

Donate a room as a memorial? \$500

Year after year, the student who occupies this room will gratefully remember your loved ones in his prayers.

Help support a student for one year? \$365

You will be directly responsible for advancing a future missionary nearer to the priesthood.

Furnish a student's room? \$100

You will be supplying a worthy young man with the things he needs to prepare himself for the missionary priesthood.

----- Tear off and mail. We shall be happy to supply additional information. -----

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☐ Room.

☐ Support of student.

☐ Furnishing of room.

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Worm Medicine

—Plus

by J. Edmund McClear

The people of Soloma say it was a miracle. My personal conviction is that the worm medicine played quite an important role. When neighbors brought the sick child to me, I concluded that he wasn't long for this world. The boy was four years old, but too weak to lift his head. I gave him a treatment and then left for San Rafael. With 50,000 souls to care for, the head has sometimes to overrule the heart.

The day was beautiful, the Guatemala mountain air crisp and clean, with billowy white clouds almost within arm's reach. But the thought of that youngster kept me uneasy.

San Rafael has a gaudily colored wood carving of Our Lady of Guadalupe. I said a prayer to Our Lady

and almost as if I heard her voice, I felt I had the answer: "The child will live."

St. Peter and I inherited one similar weakness: When I returned to Soloma, I asked doubtingly if the child was still alive. Yes, but he was worse, much worse.

Indeed, when I entered the house, I could hardly believe my eyes. The sick boy was swollen out of all proportion. His stomach was literally the size of a basketball; his eyes were hidden under puffs of skin; and his little feet seemed ready to burst, so taut was the skin.

If there was a miracle, it happened then. I asked the mother if her son might have worms. Quite casually she replied that he did. Back to the house I dashed, and dragged out my super-special worm medicine.

Four days later, a transformation had taken place in the patient. The swelling went down so fast that I began to wonder if there would be anything left after it should have gone entirely. But injections and tonics soon made the sick boy a ruddy-faced little urchin.

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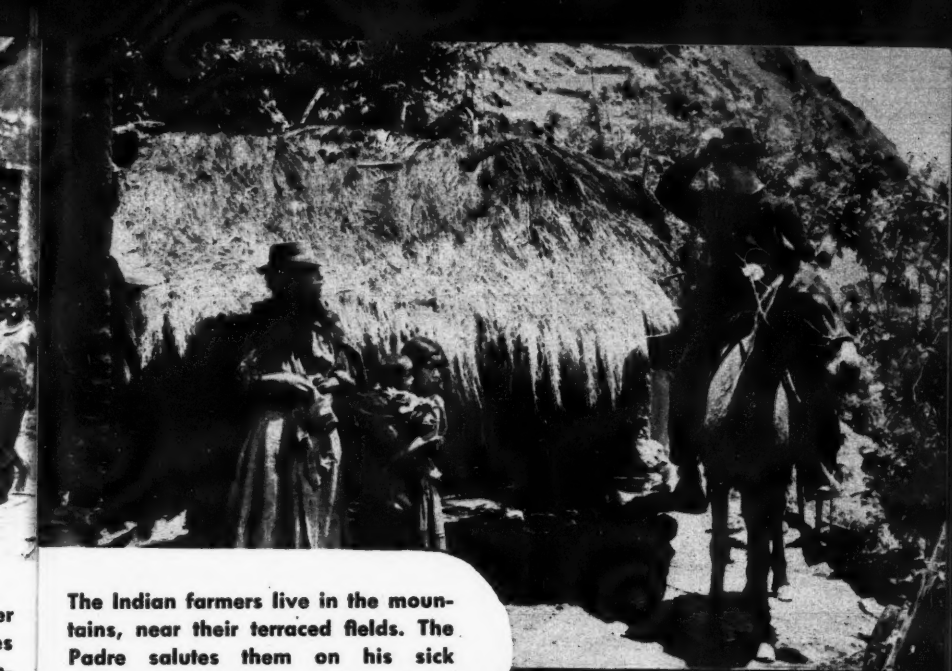
Mountain Pastor

Sandia is the most distant of the Maryknoll stations in the Peruvian Andes. The town snuggles in a deep gorge, but thousands of Indian parishioners live at the top of steep mountain paths that exhaust even a horse.→



The boys of Sandia flock to Father Joseph Early of Scranton, Pa., as flies to molasses. In the lowly huts, (below) he blesses many an ailing child.






The Indian farmers live in the mountains, near their terraced fields. The Padre salutes them on his sick calls, which sometimes take days.



But meet some of Sandia's very interesting citizens.—>



Julio, the Actor

Julio has plans. Life, he says, is a stage whereon he must strut his part, for he is born with the blood of an actor in his veins. Yessir, some day he will make Sandia famous!



Tomas, the Sacristan

There are no waxed floors and shining brass candlesticks in the Sandia church. But one thing is bright—the smile on the face of Tomas the sacristan, here with his sturdy wife.

Marie, Village Belle

Sandia has gray walls, thatched roofs, mud floors, but its dirt-sitting makes Marie and her companions no less merry as they trip the light fantastic with the gay blades.



Juanita, the Shy One

Don't talk to Juanita of footlights or the village dances! She wants to be left strictly alone. The Padre's smiles and his clicking box draw forth only howls of alarm.

Dragon

Confucius said
cooks
are difficult

by Henry J. Madigan

The other day I found myself reading the *Life and Sayings of Confucius*. That evening I decided to convey some of Confucius' wisdom to Dragon Foot, the cook.

"Dragon Foot!"

"The Father called me?"

"I did. Sit down and listen."

He obeyed half the command.

"Dragon Foot, it has suddenly occurred to me that I have been remiss in my duty —"

"True, Shen Fu."

"Silence! Wait until I finish the sentence! I was about to say that I have been remiss in my duty of instructing you. Dragon Foot, you will never be a success in life, you'll never even be a good cook, unless you listen attentively to these precious pearls of wisdom that I have gleaned from the Chinese Master. You, being untutored and unlearned, have had no opportunity to study these things for yourself.



Foot

Therefore, I must instruct you. Is that clear?"

Dragon Foot stared at me and inquired anxiously, "Shen Fu, niong pan ni?" (Freely translated — "Holy smokes, what's wrong, Shen Fu?"

"Why, nothing, Dragon Foot. I'm just disturbed at the way I've neglected you."

"All right, Shen Fu. Keep talking; I'll listen."

"I want to teach you something about Confucius. He lived a long time ago, during the — well, say over a thousand years ago."

"During the Chou dynasty, over two thousand years ago, wasn't it, Shen Fu?"

"Well, yes. But I was coming to that, so don't interrupt. Confucius' father died when Confucius was — that is, when Confucius was very young."

"When he was three years old, wasn't it, Shen Fu?"

"Undoubtedly; but that doesn't matter. Anyway, you seem to have learned enough about Confucius' history. Please remember it. Now I'll tell you a few things about his teachings. For example, Confucius said, 'Treat goodness with goodness —'"

Dragon Foot spoke up softly, " 'Treat goodness with goodness, and severity with justice.' Is that what

DRAGON FOOT

you mean, Shen Fu?"

"Of course? That's what I said. You grasp ideas rather quickly."

Fortunately, at this stage of the cook's education a clamoring was heard at the gate. Half of the village seemed to be there, calling for Uncle Dragon

Foot. Dragon Foot was only eighteen years old, but somehow he was uncle to every lad in the village. Perhaps it was because the rectory cookies, which had made the pastor Uncle Sugar, had made the cook Uncle Dragon Foot.

The boys were calling for the cook to go with them to a puppet show. And Dragon Foot was all but doing a dragon dance in his anxiety to end my class in foreignized Confucianism. I told him he could leave immediately if he would recite for me a worthwhile quotation from Con-

ALL GIFTS COME FROM GOD

It is fitting to remember this, when we draw our wills; to include gifts for His Church and its work in our bequests. Maryknoll's legal title is The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. Send for booklet, "The Making of a Catholic Will."



fucian Analects.

Like the crackle of flames was Dragon Foot's response: "The mechanic who wishes to do work well must first sharpen his tools."

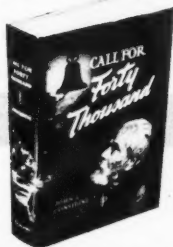
Now I wonder if he was insinuating? I can only take consolation in remembering that Confucius also said:

"Of all people . . . servants are the most difficult. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility; if you are reserved towards them, they are discontented."

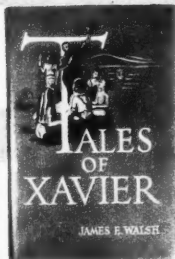
If Confucius, with all his wisdom, experienced that difficulty over two thousand years ago, there's little I can do about it now. Except, perhaps, to "sharpen my tools."

Thus it has come to pass that if you should visit me in an off-hour at my mission, you would find me deeply engrossed in the lore of Confucius. He knew all the answers.

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The Fruit Hangs Ripe

Here's what happens
when the Sisters
enter a Japanese city

IT WAS a great day for Tsu. Greater, perhaps, than its citizens realized.

The first Sisters ever to set foot in the little city on Owari Bay stepped from the baggage car.

"Can you picture the scene?" Sister Eva and Sister Hostia write. "Two of the railroad officials, plus a reporter and photographer, were there. The three guards who had been our companions on the way down were bidding us farewell and promising to come and visit us. With this cortege, we paraded into the office of the station master.

"Father Barry's catechist, Yokota San, introduced us and explained who we were. It was all quite formal; the station master was impressed, and so were we.

"Later, we saw that we had made the front page. Because of the extraordinary news and pictures, all copies of the *Tsu Chimbun* (newspaper) were sold out. The headlines read: MARYKNOLL SISTERS ARRIVE: NO MASCULINE PERSON PERMITTED ON SECOND FLOOR.

"That evening, we discovered that no one had collected our railroad

tickets! We had a free train ride!

"One of our Catholic men is the vice-president of the local bank. He asked us to address the group of bank employees. We intend to do this, as they are eagerly looking forward to a talk.

"This town is a complete bombing job. It has been laid flat. Only a few skeleton-like frames dot the vast valley, which was once a thickly settled community of forty thousand. Shacks have been thrown together, with huge stones placed on the tin roofs to hold them down in the strong winds.

"The school for which we have come stands out like a specter in the ruins — every window broken, a gaping roof and the concrete pockmarked by shrapnel. But at least the building is still standing and repairable.

"A whole street of temples was flattened. A great bronze Buddha still sits there in meditation, with his halo askew and the stone lanterns smashed around him.

"Eating is a major problem. But, believe it or not, we are getting fat. All that we can secure is starchy food: we often eat rice, macaroni, and bread at one meal. No fruit, vegetables, or meat can be afforded, usually. The officially set price for fresh meat is 100 yen a pound. One egg is 10 yen; three dried persimmons, 10 yen; carrots, 10 yen. Chopsticks that formerly cost 10 sen, now



In a building pock-marked by shrapnel, every window blown out by bombs, the Maryknoll Sisters begin school

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HONG KONG: Sisters M. Cecelia Cruickshank of Toronto, Ont.; Joseph Marie Kane of St. Louis; Veronica Mary Martin of Philadelphia; Marie Antoine Healy of Philadelphia.

sell for three hundred times as much!

"Success has been so phenomenal in Japan that the church is already too small. It was opened only last November, but Father is planning to build a new church and use this building as a community center.

"Two weeks ago, there were five baptisms. On Friday three fine young men, each about nineteen years old were baptized. Next week three girls will be ready, and there will be a mixed group later. We have some

very earnest young people seeking instruction in the Faith, and we believe that there will be vocations among them eventually.

"Some of our Catholics travel two hours by train to attend Mass on Sunday. Today there was a crowd at church in spite of a downfall of rain. It is really easy to pray in this devotional atmosphere. The people are very sincere and simple and prayerful, just as those of the early Church must have been."

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Dear Sisters:

Yes, indeed, I want to send \$_____ to get these Sisters to their missions.

Name _____

Street _____

Zone _____

City _____

State _____

As long as I can, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

The Brats at Sena

by James J. Logue

At Sena, no man in his right mind would voluntarily let his son go to school. So we organized an expedition — a motor boat and five men — and sent notice to have mules waiting in every little river port. Our object was to creep up on each house surreptitiously. If we announced our intention in advance, the children would be hidden, and we should have been told that they had died.

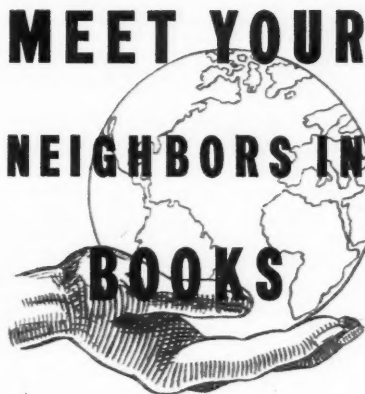
At the school, each child received two entire wardrobes: a shirt and a pair of trousers made a wardrobe. One boy claimed that he already had seven changes. He had — made of first-class flour sacks.

Food was quite simple. Rice was cooked in a kerosene tin, and two pounds of dried meat were added for the thirty boys. A banana or a yucca completed the meal.

Four long beds were put around the walls, and the boys cut grass to make mattresses. Their mosquito nets divided their territories.

They all love "futball," and they learned to play hopscotch, tug-of-war, and other games. When not otherwise engaged, they held fist fights.

Once settled down, the boys learned fast. Each of them gained at least ten pounds, and each lost much of the stupid look that characterizes people who live alone in the jungle.



- ☐ Considine: CALL FOR FORTY THOUSAND. \$3.00.
- ☐ Walsh: TALES OF XAVIER. \$2.50.
- ☐ Keller: THE PRIEST AND A WORLD VISION. \$1.00.
- ☐ Considine: WORLD CHRISTIANITY. \$1.00.
- ☐ Tennison: CHUNGKING LISTENING POST. \$2.50.
- ☐ De Paul, Sr.: SISTERS OF MARYKNOLL. \$2.50.
- ☐ David: OUR NEIGHBORS THE CHINESE. 35 cents.
- ☐ David: OUR NEIGHBORS THE KOREANS. 35 cents.
- ☐ David: OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE ANDES. 35 cents.
- ☐ David: OUR NEIGHBORS THE JAPANESE. 35 cents.
- ☐ Considine: WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH. \$2.00
- ☐ Keller: MEN OF MARYKNOLL. \$1.00.
- ☐ Murrett: TAR HEEL APOSTLE. \$2.50.
- ☐ Sargent: ALL THE DAY LONG. \$2.50.
- ☐ Considine: MARCH INTO TOMORROW. \$2.00.
- ☐ Rosalia, Sr.: ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR. \$1.00.
- ☐ Considine: ACROSS A WORLD. \$1.50 (paper)
\$2.50 (cloth)
- ☐ Winslow: COMMENTARY ON APOSTOLIC FACULTIES. \$2.00.
- ☐ Bodier: Five LO-TING BOOKS. \$4.50.
- ☐ Walsh: MARYKNOLL SPIRITUAL DIRECTORY. \$2.00.
- ☐ Rosalia, M.H.S.H., Sr. M.: RELIGION TEACHER AND THE WORLD. \$1.25 per vol.
- ☐ Grades I-III; ☐ Grades IV-VI; ☐ Grades VII-VIII. Set of 3 vols. \$3.00.

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

The Maryknoll Roundup

No Street Lights. "Just as the clock struck midnight," says Father Bernard F. Wieland, of Carroll, Iowa, now in South China, "I received a sick call. It meant a walk of several miles over slippery cowpaths. Two men carried bamboo flares, and all was well until their flares went out.



Father Wieland

Then we stumbled along under the dim moon, but finally reached the house. There I gave the Last Sacraments and then talked a bit. A young lad undertook to guide me back and thought he could do so without a light. I soon changed his mind and made him wake a farmer for a bamboo flare. I got home at three in the morning. It was a typical night adventure."

First Prize, Soap. "All the citizens of Paklau turned out to see our picnic leave town," writes Father Frederick J. Becka, of Cleveland, Ohio, now in South China.



Father Becka

"We headed for Lone Rock Lake. There were hundred-yard and fifty-yard dashes for boys, girls, men, and women; wheelbarrow and three-legged races, potato races, shoe scrambles, tugs-of-war. The elderly ladies, usually sedate, entered the

contests with a will, and the sights would make you laugh till you cried. Proudly the winners carried off the prizes: candy, canned peanuts, cigarettes, and, best of all, soap. Soap is tremendously scarce; the women competed for it as they do for nylons at home."

The Good Snake. "We had a surprise visitor in the form of a snake this evening," reports Father Ralph W. Sylva, of Honolulu, now in Middle America. "Two boys came for medicine. In the course of our conversation, one looked up into the rafters and said, 'That looks like a snake.' Correct! In the dim light of the kerosene lamp, we could see the reptile's head swaying to and fro. One of the boys pinned it down with a stick, and I killed it. It was not particularly dangerous, but the only good snake is a dead one."



Father Sylva

Mountain of Ice Cream. "If only we had troops of priests, well trained in the language, I think we could convert Japan in a matter of years," asserts Father Edmond L. Ryan, of Dorchester, Mass., now in Japan. "The few of us who are here are doing our best. But there are not enough hours in the day, nor enough strength

in our backs, to meet the needs. I feel like a youngster at a party with a mountain of ice cream before him, who realizes with dismay that it is hopeless to try to handle the task alone."

Cora Lads. "A Cora Indian lad was gored by a bull the other day, and he dragged himself to the rectory," writes Father Albert Koenigsknecht,



Fr. Koenigsknecht

of Fowler, Mich., now in Middle America. "He had to cross a river to get here but passed up all the feather-waving magic of native medicine men, preferring to wait for the Padre's treatment. Another young Cora, Domingo Lucas, whom Father Verhagen had sent to a school in Tepic, is now the only young man in this town who can read and write. He is good proof of what our Indians can do when given a chance."

Good Feeding Job. "During last winter," explains Father Thomas N. Quirk, of Portsmouth, N. H., now in

Manchuria, "we fed an average of 480 destitute people daily. UNRRA supplied us with white flour, and we exchanged that for the native diet of sorghum. Over a hundred young people are studying to enter the Church because of the interest our relief work awakened among these people. The officials voted ours the best-conducted food station in the district."

Broken Arm. "The prize dispensary case this month," says Father R. Russell Sprinkle, of Middletown

Ohio, now in South China, "was a ten-year-old who fell off a ladder and broke his arm. His folks brought him to us fifteen days later. They had delayed because someone told them that foreigners would cut the arm off. The boy's arm was infected and swollen to three times normal size. The broken bone stuck out through the flesh. A native application of herbs, mud, and leaves, added to the uncleanness and to the discomfort of the youngster, who was so weak he had to be carried."



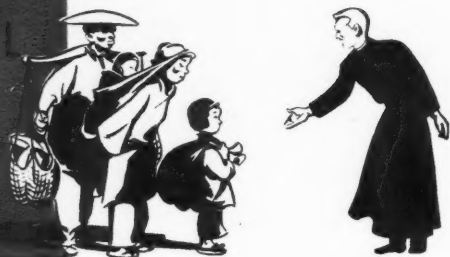
Father Sprinkle



FATHER ROBERT F. MORSE

On June 15, Robert F. Morse was ordained in the Seminary chapel at Maryknoll. In less than two weeks, he was buried from that same chapel. Father Morse had intended to return home to Milwaukee, to celebrate his First Solemn Mass, but became ill a few days after ordination and died suddenly in a hospital in Baltimore.

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.



Motorpower multiplies manpower in the mission field. Father Mallon on a motorcycle, in Central America, could reach more villages and more Indians than he reaches on foot. The motorcycle this missionary needs costs \$350. Interested?

"We Are Hungry!" the refugees in Manchuria say, and there should be only one answer. But unless you and other generous friends give us money to buy them food, we cannot help them. A hundred persons can be fed for \$5.

Catechisms are needed and are being prepared for use in Japan. The cost of printing them will be \$200. We ask a contribution towards this sum, from one or several friends who wish to help in our training program.

Once in a While, somewhere in the world, a Maryknoll missionary's life is saved by a humble \$2 compass. Five new missionaries need compasses because they are going out to the jungles or the mountains, where getting lost is easy!

Incurable? Leprosy is, today. But who knows when a cure may be found? A short time ago, diabetes was incurable, and so were many other diseases. Help us keep the Chinese or Bolivian lepers alive — give them their chance to get well! The gift of \$5 supports a leper for a month.

A Priest in Overalls, digging his garden or repairing his church, is properly dressed. But you wouldn't have him say Mass in overalls! A set of vestments costs \$25. Three are needed for churches in Africa. Can you help?

Hammocks — light, portable, safe, convenient beds for missionaries traveling in the jungles of Bolivia and Africa. Hammocks can be quickly slung between two trees and are protected by various fittings against insects, snakes, and small beasts. Properly equipped with netting and other guards, hammocks cost \$18 each. Two are needed.

"Don't Tell Them — Show Them!" Cameras, new or used, are requested by Maryknollers in China. Have you one to send us for them?

Burn a Sanctuary Light before the Blessed Sacrament for one year, in Father Sprinkle's church in China. That church has only peanut-oil lamps at present. Cost, \$25.

So Far as We Know, no horse has ever converted anyone to Christianity; but a mounted missionary can reach and serve four times as many persons as the same man can on foot. Help us buy a horse (\$100) for Father Maynard Murphy, Maryknoller in China.

MARYKNOLL IN JAPAN NEEDS



Chapel \$1500

Furniture for missioner's house . . 325

Motorbikes (each) 125

Mimeograph 120

Grave for destitute . . . 18

Altar lines (set) . . . 25

Albs (each) 20

Today's Children



Stoves \$45

Sanctuary lamp . . 40

Education of children 50

Catechetical charts (set) . 6

Stations of the Cross
(complete) 75

Tomorrow's Adults



Did you ever think of sending your
friends or relatives a gift subscrip-
tion to Maryknoll — The Field Afar?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



BLUE SKIES — China's marvelous millions forever look tranquilly to the blue skies of the future. They deserve rice in their bowls, schools to put learning in their heads; they deserve Christ in their hearts.

